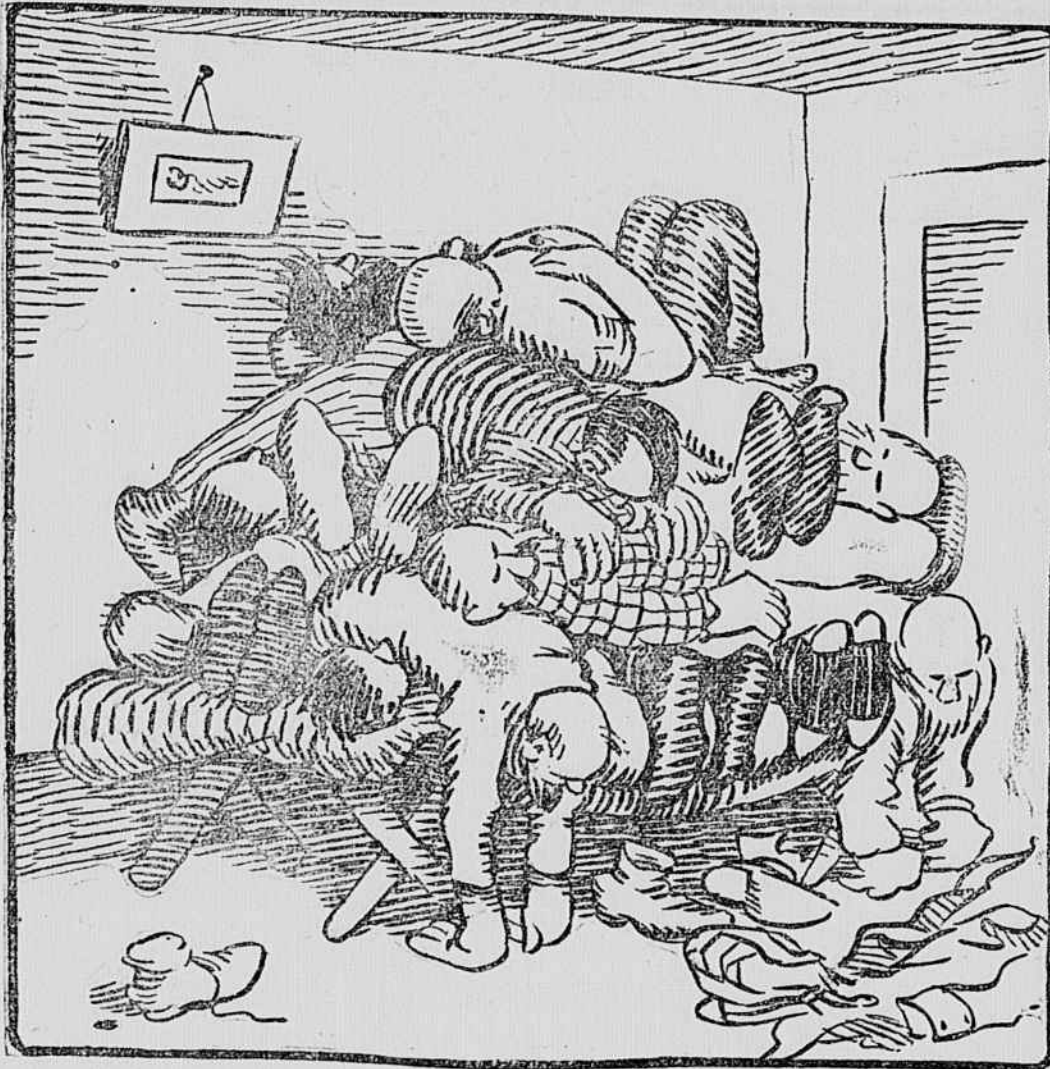


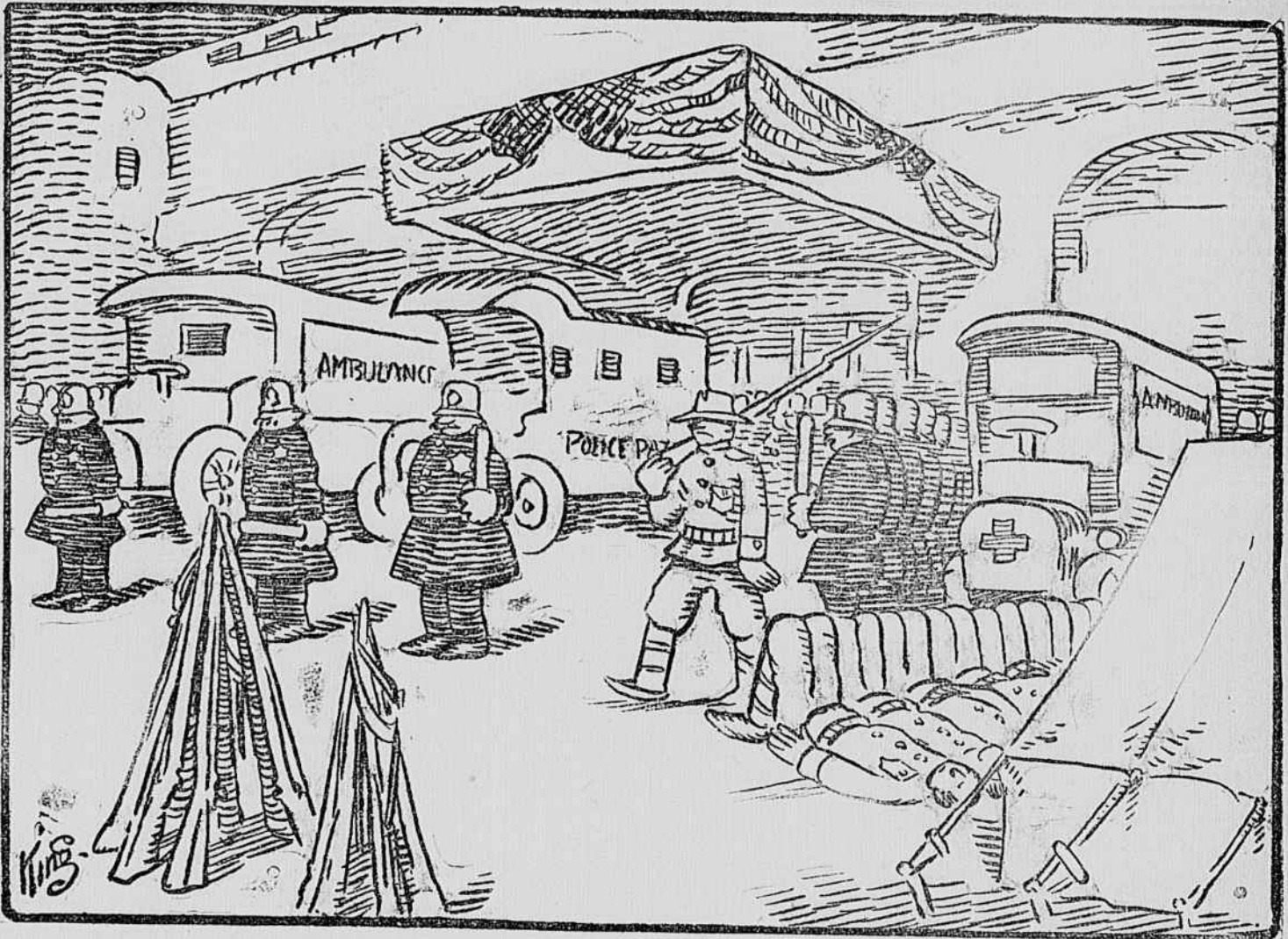
MR. DOOLEY

ON THE CONVENTION

BY FINLEY PETER DUNNE



"Th' question iv how manny can be accomydated on a canvas cot bed."



Th' amblyances ar-re standin' at th' dure, an' th' milishy ar-re sleepin' on their ar-rms."

"WELL, sir," said Mr. Dooley, "in a few more days us Dimmycrats will know th' worst until our own convention meets. Fr'm far an' near Republicans have gathered in our hospital city to discuss th' solemn issues iv th' day, an' they ar-re now doin' it in front iv a thousand bars. Th' gr-reat question iv how manny alternates can be accomydated on a canvas cot bed is bein' settled at this very minyit at th' Hotel Belle Aise on Clark street. I ain't a member iv th' comity on interment, though I will gladly do me share if anny iv th' visitin' statesmen get out this fur with th' price, but I believe they're bein' regally intertained. A dillygate fr'm Missouri was much flattered at bein' met at th' station by a tall, stout man with a black horseshoe mustache who intrajooed himself as Senator Lodge, walked th' dillygate down to th' lake front, an' deprived him iv ivrything he had but his change iv cellar an' his vote on permanent organization. An alternate fr'm Arkansas reports that he'd har'ly been in town ten minyits when he was invited into a poker game with Senator Crane, Senator Root, ex-President Fairbanks, Senator Dixon, an' Nicholas Murray Butler. He held good hands but was defeated."

"Am I goin' to th' convintion? What a question to ask a sportin' character. If a fellow was to come to ye an' say: 'Here's a free ticket fr'a combynation iv th' Chicago fire, Saint Bartholomew's massacre, the battle iv th' Boyne, th' life iv Jesse James, an' th' night iv th' big wind, an' all th' victims will be ye'er thraditional inimies,' wud ye take it or wud ye not? Ye bet I'm goin'. I have a friend on th' dure. He was too important a man to be a dillygate at large, so they made him a ticket chopper, an' he's goin' to pass me in. I'll get a seat somewhere that I can see th' struggle fr' human rights goin' on but fur enough away so I won't be splashed."

"Iv course I'm goin'! I haven't missed a riot in this neighborhood in forty years, an' onless I'm deceived by th' venal Republican press this wan will rejoice th' heart, as Hogan says. But I wudn't go as a Republican. I'm a hardy man, but if anny wan comes up to me an' begins 'Fellow Republican,' I'll cry out: 'Take ye'r hand off ye'er gun. Ye have nawthin' agin me. I'm a Dimmycrat.' I only wish me Uncle Mike was alive. How he wud've injied it! Me Uncle Mike was growin' discontented with th' Dimmycrat party t'wds th' blessed end, but he cudden't be made to jine th' Republicans because he said th' Republican party offered no injoecments to a man iv talent. Uncle Mike's talent as a statesman was all in th' ends iv his arms or in his boots, an' he was a gran' debater. I niver knew but wan man that niver answered his argymints, an' that was a le-ad by th' name iv Costello fr'm New York. But he used a chair. If me Uncle Mike was alive today he'd be wan iv th' fadin' Republicans iv th' whole country. He'd be a grand figure on th' flare iv th' convintion. A debate between him an' Elihu Root on some constitutional pint wud be well worth seein', with me

Uncle Mike on top an' Elihu argyin' agin crool an' consual punishment."

"Yes, sir; 'twill be grand. 'Twill be fine if they have wan convintion an' twice as fine if they have two. If they hould two 'twud be pleasant if both cud take place in th' same hall, with maybe a little La Follette convintion dancin' round on th' outside an' heavin' a rock into th' strugglin' mass fr'm time to time."

"But I ain't goin' to give anny advice, Hinny. Whin this struggle began I had a mind to offer me frindly counsel as a man iv experience. Ye know that manny years ago whin I was in pollyticks I occyied an' official position with th' central comity iv our own gloryous party. Me jooty was to stand outside an' take care iv th' contestin' dillygates whin they come out afther respectfully presintin' their pettyshun. Th' ordher iv procedure was first to throw out th' contestin' dillygate, thin his hat, thin his contest. Me Uncle Mike was chairman iv th' comity, an' he wud come to th' window in Finucane's hall an' call out: 'Th' comity has decided adverse to Owgoost Schmitt iv th' Sixth precinct. Here he comes, boys. Catch him.' So whin th' Republicans begun to adopt our fine old Dimmycratic system, thinks I to meself: 'They need help fr'm wan who knows th' game. They're not accustomed to this kind iv wurruk. They'll be as foolish as a team iv Baptist minishers thryin' to play Gaelic football. I'll put on me hat an' go over an'

instruct thim in th' rudymints.' But, be hivins, whin I wint down to th' Republican naytional comity an' see their magnificent wurruk I knew I was on'y an amachoor. To tell thim th' little I knew wud be like a peddler iv collar buttons advisin' Jawm D. Rockefeller how to make money. Why, sir, these broad minded men ar-re takin' a postgrajate coorse where us Dimmycrats ar-re strugglin' with th' first reader. They don't deny a contest. They don't wait fr' it to be entered. They larn that a man has rayjistered at a hotel who looks like a contestin' dillygate, an' they go down an' pull him out iv bed an' hurl him into th' lake."

"I've got to be fair with thim an' say this, that up to th' prisint minyit nawthin' has been done in th' campaign that I cud improve on. Th' language passed round has been magnificent. This is partly joo to th' supeyior iddycation iv th' Republicans. Th' curse iv th' Dimmycrat party has always been its lack iv culture. Often whin confronted with gr-reat issues we've been onable to think iv annything bad enough to say about each other. But th' Republican leaders ar-re niver at a loss fr'a wurruk. I wonder who ar-re th' professors iv personal abuse at Yale an' Harvard. They're good men, whoever they ar-re. Their scholars come out, as Hogan says, fully equipped for 'h' battle iv life on anny dock in th' wurruk. I've seen a coal heaver readin' an account iv a debate between th' prisint an' th' ex-prisint an' weepin' because his father had

dhrunk up all his money an' hadn't give him an iddycation that wud fit him fr' th' station to which he was called."

"I thought I knew something about pollytickal stratejy fr'm th' days whin th' ballot boxes was all made with double bottoms in case iv a tie, but 'twud be presumchuse fr' me to aven speak in th' prisence iv th' imminent men that have been conductin' th' preliminry wurruk iv th' convintion. I see me frind Aldherman Kenna that was ilicted be a vote iv twinty thousand out iv a possible eight readin' an account iv th' New York prim'ries with a white face an' thremblin' hands an' sayin' to himself:

"'But weren't there any polis around?' 'All th' other details were attended to with akel skill by thurly thrained hands. Befure I lave th' subject I must speak a wurruk in praise fr' th' claims made by both sides. I have niver seen better or more thorough claimin'. It has been carrid for'ard with so much acc'arcy that at th' prisint minyit th' number iv dillygates is almost twict as large as it was at th' beginnin' iv th' campaign."

"An' now all th' arly wurruk has been done an' in a few days th' dillygates, well armed with pieces iv lead pipe, will meet undher th' vast dome iv th' Collisium to solemnly debate th' gr-reat issues before thim. Ivrything is in readiness fr' th' grave deliberations. Th' amblyances

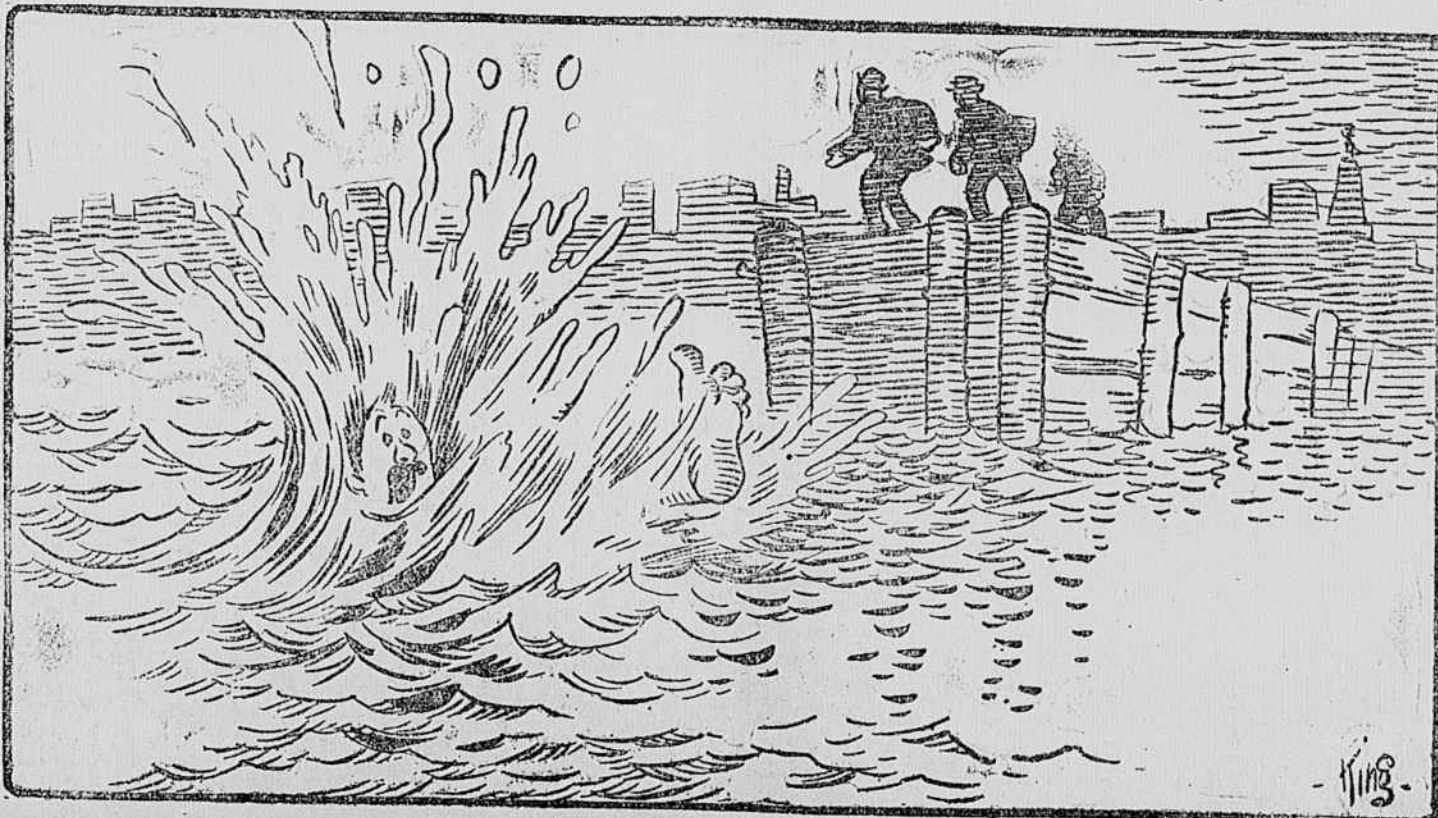
ar-re standin' at th' dure, th' polis have been equipped with th' usual riot bats, an' th' milishy ar-re sleepin' on their ar-rms. Within a week we will know whether this grand old party will stand firmly by thim principles iv constitutional liberty handed down fr'm George Wash'nton an' Alexander Hamilton to Bill Barnes or march on to higher an' better ideels undher Bill Flinn, or both."

"There's wan fine thing about th' convintion, Hinny. It's goin' to be grand fr' th' south. There will be more money in th' sunny southland this winter thin has been there since th' battle iv Bull's Run. I xpict to read in th' pa-pers next New Year's day: 'Although th' cotton crop was not up to th' av'rage, tobacco was killed by blightin' frosts, an' th' mint was pale in color an' infecryer in flavor, all th' losses were made up by th' great demand an' excellent market fr' colored dillygates. A community with wan dillygate injyed unexampled prosperity, while a county with two or more was raised to affloence.' Ye see, 'tis this way: Th' Republicans says to th' south, 'Ye must give our brunette fellow citizen a vote.' 'All right,' says th' la-ads down south, 'we'll do so. We won't let thim vote down here unless they want to jine in a bonfire on iltion night. But we'll see that they have aven gr-reater rights than we have. We'll let thim vote at ye'er convintions,' says they."

"'Twas a masher sthroke. I run acrost an' old frind on th' sthreet yisterdah. His name is Zeke Gubbins, an' he was wan iv th' hayroes who jined th' ar-my iv occypation afther th' war. He wint in as a private with th' title iv gauger an' come out as a colonel an' collector iv customs. He done his jooty well in layin' waste th' mimy's country, but whin th' sojers left th' close season was up on him. Wan day he led a party iv pathrites to seize th' statehouse, but whin th' milishy fired a salvo iv artillery at him he quit public life an' enthered business as manager iv th' customer's office fr'a crap game. I had heard he was in poor circumstances, so whin I see him comin' says I to meself: 'Here's where I pretend to've met with business reverses.' But, lo an' behold! whin he come near I see that he was dressed like a weddin' guest an' wore a dmon in his shirt front that wud put out th' eye iv a railroad fireman."

"'Well,' says I, 'ye're lookin' fine,' I says. 'I've had a good year,' says he, flickin' th' ashes iv his see-gar off on an' innard ring. 'I'm a southern planter,' he says. 'What d'ye raise?' says I. 'Cotton?' 'There's nawthin' in cotton,' he says. 'It's a speculation pure an' simple. No; I'm heavily intrusted in colored dillygates to th' convintion. It's been a most forchnit year fr' us. We've had three crops—wan at th' prim'ries, wan at th' meetin' iv th' comity, an' th' third will be ripe about Choosday,' he says. 'Whin is ye'er plantation?' says I. 'In a hotel on State sthreet,' he says with a hearty laugh. 'I've got three iv thim planted there now,' he says. 'An' he give me a see-gar so valuable that I pawned it.'"

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